



got omen?

I'm the president of a small
liberal arts college in Western
Massachusetts and when I'm
out pounding the pavement to
harass alumni for money while
dealing with you bitchy students,
I drink refreshing milk.

Yeah, that's right,
milk. From the udder of a cow.
That warm frothy beverage
really gets me jivin'.
Take that, you stupid vegans!

MILK

Where's *your* mustache?

c o n t e n t s

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The Omen

Volume 12, Number 1
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Jacob Chabot.....	Monkey, Monkey, Monkey
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"I was drunk
on cock."

-Traci Lords in I Love
You Traci Lords



Submit to us ...

The Omen accepts submissions from any member of the Hampshire community. **We won't edit anything you write** (unless it's for spelling or grammar), as long as you're willing to **be responsible for what you say** (sign your real NAME). Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours, is just not an option in this forum.

Submissions can include anything involving the Hampshire community and are due on Wednesday nights at 8 p.m. **Submit to Michael Pierce** (G-112, box 916). If you're interested in writing regularly, talk to Michelle Beach (B-304, x4472). **We prefer submissions on disk** — IBM or high density Mac — but hard copy is okay. Label your stuff well and it will get back to you.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, first born, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and **your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times**. What better way to be heard?

The Omen is a completely **non-partisan** forum for expression. The views and opinions expressed in this publication are those of the authors alone.

EDITORIAL

It's the Ice that I
Can Do Without

by Michelle Beach

I returned to Hampshire a few weeks ago, to be greeted with a very unfriendly surprise. I had planned on returning to Hampshire much earlier, but delayed my return trip to school due to illness and treacherous snow and ice that covered the path from my house in Ohio to my room at Hampshire.

Finally, as I grew better the snow began to melt. It melted rather quickly in front of my house, causing large icicles to fall from the trees and my mother to warn against going outside, fearing **someone would get hit in the head and the icicle would cause a concussion (it's happened before, you know)**. But finally, the roads cleared enough to travel, and the ice, at least near my house, melted enough to walk.

By the time I arrived at Hampshire, it hadn't snowed in several days and the ice was melted enough that, with a little work, it could be removed from roads and walkways. However,

that was not the case at Hampshire. Surprise! Snow and ice still covered everything.

On my first trek to the library, to check my mail (I figured I probably had something, I had been gone for over a month), I found the paths impassable. Ice still covered all walkways. The easiest way to reach my destination was to walk in the foot high snow piled on the sides of the path. Unfortunately, other people also saw this as the only effective solution, and there was almost as much ice on the snow as there was on the path.

The next day, I had hoped things would improve. The weather was a little warmer, which meant the snow and ice had to melt some. This should mean that the paths would be more passable, right? Unfortunately, not. The melting ice left puddles, not little puddles, but really big ones. The kind that get your socks wet, even through really thick boots. And, the only way to avoid these puddles? You guessed it. The icy snow.

I'm really not trying to say that Phys Plant does a bad job. I think that they are wonderful for cleaning up after us

slobs (though the lack of a larger garbage can in the bathrooms is going to become a problem, unless they want to come over the weekends and empty the tiny little things. A hall full of people generates more "bathroom trash" in two days than those cans are able to hold). But even the smallest paths around campus would have been very nice. And this is not even mentioning the student parking lots, which I don't think will ever get cleared out. Maybe when the snow and ice melt in the spring. Maybe then will people be able to move their cars around without slipping everywhere.

This isn't meant to be bitter against snow. I really like snow and hope it sticks around all winter. It's the ice that I can do without.

As I run out of space, I just want to say I hope you all have a wonderful semester and write lots of articles for the Omen. Submissions should now be sent to Michael Pierce (room G112, Box 916), who, along with two other wonderful people, will be doing more for the Omen as I begin doing less in order to find out what it is like to be Division III.

LAST TIME ON "THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY"



by Jacob Chabot

COMMENTARY

Martin Luther King, Jr. vs. Gregory Prince, Jr.

by Justin Jackson

I walked into Saga for breakfast on Monday, January 18, in my usual groggy morning stupor. What greeted me was not the usual line-up of pancakes, syrup and butter, cream of wheat, sausage, and greasy potatoes, but empty grey food trays. Instead, the food had been elegantly set up in the large eating room down the hallway from the usual serving spot. After I had moved beyond the first gleaming impressions of these dawn delights, I set some upon my plate and sat down, content only until I realized my mistake. The reason for the elaborate meal was to honor arguably one of the most important personages in recent American history—Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

Being an amateur activist and historian, I naturally became interested in the morning's ceremonies. And I listened attentively for a short time—that is, until our dear President started talking. Not caring to involuntarily return my breakfast onto my plate, I quickly excused myself from the ceremonies at hand.

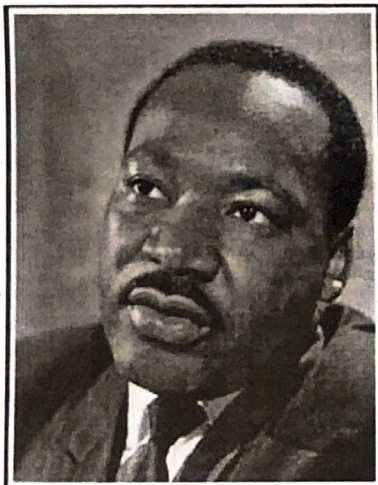
Why, you ask? Don't I care to honor Dr. King's life and work? Well, of course I do. In fact, I had been doing just that. The day before the breakfast I carried a wavering stack of books authored either by King himself or books tracing his life in an effort to learn from the man. And I learned some interesting things. What kind of man was our President Prince honoring that day?

Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., was a unique figure in American

and world movements for social justice. He was and still is primarily known for his civil rights endeavors. There are many famous milestones of his leadership in the civil rights movement that we now look back upon: his now-famous letter from the Birmingham Jail; his acclaimed "I Have a Dream Speech" that he gave at the 1963 March on Washington for Jobs and Justice; and, of course, the countless times that he was arrested for being civilly disobedient, breaking racist, segregationist laws in the pursuit of a higher, more just law. And although Dr. King is most well known for his involvement in the struggle for political freedom and rights for African-Americans, that was not the only cause he championed. A year before he was assassinated in 1968 he shocked the nation when he spoke out publicly against America's intervention in Vietnam. He never questioned that economic justice must go hand in hand with political justice, not only for African-Americans in the South, but for Americans of all races who were bereft of economic and political rights. Part of his commitment to economic justice was the firm belief that America's present economic system was unjust and needed to be seriously transformed. In his book

"Strength to Love," King called on Americans to:

"...examine honestly the weaknesses of traditional capitalism. In all fairness, we must admit that capitalism has often left a gulf between superfluous wealth and abject poverty, has created conditions permitting necessities to be taken from the many to give luxuries to the few, and has encouraged small-hearted men to become cold and conscienceless so that, like Dives before Lazarus, they are unmoved by suffering, poverty stricken humanity. Although through social reform American capitalism is doing much to reduce these tendencies, there is much yet to be accomplished. God intends that all of his children shall have the basic necessities for meaningful, healthful life. Surely it is unChristian and unethical



Martin Luther King Jr.

cal for some to wallow in the soft beds of luxury while others sink in the quicksands of poverty."

He extended his belief of economic justice to openly supporting and working with unions like the AFL-CIO, and the Sleeping Car Porter's union, whose leader, A. Phillip Randolph, perhaps the most determined African-American unionist in the history of the country, shared the speaker's platform with King at the March on Washington in 1963. In fact, the reason why King was in Memphis when he was assassinated was that he was helping to organize and support the mostly African-American Memphis sanitation workers who were on strike at the time. One well-known black historian, Vincent Harding, who wrote speeches for King and worked closely with him at times, even commented in an interview, that, in his opinion, King's "unflinching role in expressing and organizing opposition to the war—and to the foreign and domestic policy it represented—as well as his ineluctable movement toward the call for nonviolent revolution in the U.S., were among the major reasons he was assassinated."

At the same time as the monumental civil rights movement in the 1960's, there was an active student movement in the United States. This burgeoning movement, which found its most clear voice in the group called Students for a Democratic Society, called for reform of not just the oppressive social institutions at large, like segregation and militarism, but of the universities themselves. They found that the university was becoming less and less a place for critical thinking and learning and more and more an institution which reflected and adopted the problems of the society-at large. They cried

out against the replacement of freedom and equality as the goals of education with the harmful goals of producing capable men to, and transformed by, U.S. corporate capitalism. The student movement of the 1960's had a profound effect on the way some of us now look at higher education and what needs to be reformed within it.

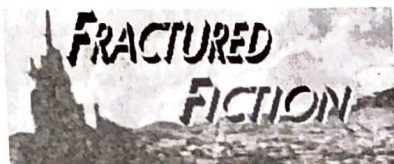
So when I heard our benevolent President speaking in honor of our martyr Martin Luther King, Jr., I realized fully what I had been suspicious of for some time.

Reeling from the symptoms of his sickness, Prince could not recognize the acute malady that he is suffering from—liberalism.

As a liberal, Prince cannot understand the interconnectedness of oppression. He does not realize that the right to vote and the right to organize a union both have the same worthy goal of freedom. Liberals, like our beloved President, do not understand that it is not enough, and is morally outrageous, to lament the disenfranchisement of minorities and work for civil rights for them, and then, in the next moment, actively thwart union organizing attempts on their own college's campus. Liberals never get to the root of the problems; they only look at the symptoms. Liberals like Prince opposed the Vietnam War some thirty years ago, because it was wasting the lives of young Americans and appropriating billions of the federal budget for war when it could have gone to social services, not because it was unjustified aggression and morally corrupt. And now these same half-blinded liber-

als support U.S. policy towards Iraq, including sanctions and terroristic bombing raids, which have led to the deaths of more than one million starving Iraqis in the years since the Gulf War. In fact, the leading Liberal of the Land, U.S. Secretary of State Madeleine Albright, displayed her liberal affliction when she railed against Nazi aggression towards Jews in the 1940's—but, only a few years ago, said to interviewer Leslie Stahl when Leslie asked her to justify the sanction-caused deaths of all those hundreds of thousands of Iraqi children, replied that, "It's a hard decision, Leslie, but we think the price...is worth it."

Frankly, the fact that Prince is allowed to rule over an "alternative" or "progressive" college like Hampshire after he smashed the college staff's union drive last year makes me sick to my stomach. Did we not learn from the 1960's that education should be oriented towards teaching and learning with the goals of reaching freedom and equality—not just in the "outside" world—but within the college too? Does he believe that the staff aren't part of the Hampshire Community? Either our treasured President is so incompetent that he can't see the frighteningly disturbing connection between honoring King's dream of justice and squashing economic justice here at home, or he knows the nature of the rampant liberalism from which he suffers. Here Student for a Democratic Society's Carl Oglesby's question that he posed at the 1965 anti-war march on Washington is sharply relevant: Will we be "humanist liberals" or "corporate liberals?" As for myself I would rather honor Dr. King's as a humanist liberal, and fight for justice and peace, as King did so humbly and effectively so many years ago, in the here and now.



by Michael Pierce

"I once knew this guy in college. He had a strange habit. At first, I had only heard about it through a gossiping neighbor of mine. I thought nothing of it, but the rumors persisted. Although I had only known him for like, I don't know, four months, he didn't seem strange enough to me to do such a thing, and such a pointless thing as that. Of course, as far as everyone was concerned, other than this strange habit of his, he was pretty normal.

"Then, about a week after I heard the last rumor, I entered the bathroom. It was late and I wanted to brush my teeth. Just as I put my toothbrush into my mouth, another member of my hall entered the facility and let herself enjoy the same joy I found at brushing my teeth at four in the morning.

"As she began to squirt her toothpaste onto her brush, she said, 'Hi.' Brushing as I was, I just sort of nodded. She nodded back and began to brush as well. Finishing up my first round of tartar onslaught, I said to her, 'What keeps you up so late on a Wednesday night?' She looked up at me and said, 'Fa meed to frush my feet.' **I laughed and she spit.**

"Let me try that again," she said this time around, 'I'm up just because I need to brush my teeth.' I could tell she was telling the truth. She had toothpaste foam all over her mouth. By this time, I had decided that my teeth would be okay until I brushed them to-

morrow, and began to put my brush away. 'Hmmm ... doesn't it seem awfully strange to you that we would both be here brushing our teeth at four in the morning on Wednesday?' She looked up again, and responded with a sputter, 'Nope.' But she was wrong.

"It was at that moment that fate would have its way with us. The bathroom door swung open and who should enter but the same guy I knew from college. I



was going to get to see, first hand, exactly what his strange habit was. I was frightened, and locked eyes with my friend as she frantically tried to finish brushing before it was too late.

"In his sleepwalking stupor, he approached the closest stall. Terrified, I began to smile. This was even better than watching 'National Geographic.' This would be something I could write a story about if it were true. But if it were true ... well, I'm just glad that I don't do it.

Sunday on the Pot with George

"The stall door closed slowly behind him. My friend put her toothpaste and brush away, as I did only moments before. She hesitantly moved towards the bathroom gateway, just in case a quick exit would need to be made. Still, I waited by the sink. I had to know the truth. **The rumors had been too numerous and strange to just accept.**

"The first thing I remember is silence. The second thing I remember is a low grumbling sound. Before I knew it, the low grumbling sound got louder and louder until it became a roar. I covered my ears, but with no need to, for he had stopped in order to pee. Wide-eyed and surprised, I grabbed my stuff and ran out of the bathroom with my friend.

"As I walked her back to her room, I said, 'Well, that wasn't exactly what I had expected.' She looked at me and said, 'What do you mean?' I cleared my throat and said, 'Well, the rumors made it sound so much more interesting and strange. What happened in there just seemed like a man roaring before he took a piss.' She chuckled.

"I laugh for two reasons," she said to me, 'One - the way you phrased that. Two - because that was only the beginning.' And before I could say another thing, a giant explosion blew the bathroom door off its hinges.

"Oh yeah. That makes much more sense now. Thanks."



Mocking In Dreams

by Mathew Lauritsen

In the beginning, artists knew how to use symbolism. An observer could relish in the lucidity of subtle allegory, and understand that the ducks represented naivete and Holden was wearing a red hunting cap. Killing a mockingbird did not always require the services of a pet detective. Audiences did not always need Truman to crash his boat into a false horizon only to find a stairway leading to a door robustly titled "EXIT" in order to get the joke. As per the current state of affairs, one needs only to fill his or her creation with highly charged though not necessarily related images in order to suggest the vaguest of themes; this gesture, it seems, is enough to convince the average viewing consumer of some deeper meaning to the hackneyed plot they have paid upwards of eight dollars to see. And so I offer this story:

Diana lived alone atop old North Hill, the highest point in Testament, Pennsylvania. A thirty-three year old widow, she spent her days drying her tears on a black handkerchief and looking out her attic window upon the town below.

"Christ," she remarked to herself above the pitter-patter of rain against the glass that separated the dry from the wet. She could see the small shapes of people fleeing from the drops of water, rushing indoors, and even, with the aid of her late husband's binoculars, pick out the gallant gentleman walking exposed to the elements while shielding his painted beau with a newspaper. "It is as though the whole world is crying in Testament," she said to finish her thought.

Diana was generally early to rise and early to bed. Having as much cause to sleep as to remain waking, she had in the first years slept until the afternoon sun poked its rays into her westward facing window, occasionally lying in bed until even the red of the setting sun disappeared, causing her to rise in darkness. But now she was fully dressed and fed by six in the morning, bound and determined to actively



waste the day rather than waste it in sleep.

On the streets of Testament, the widow's house was often a topic of conversation.

"The old place been haunted by that old dame since the accident, and that was damn near fifteen years ago, when she was a lass and not a damn dame, ha."

"She ain't had nothing but what's been delivered there, she ain't been off the hill in all that time of hers up there, eating her endowment—think she'd starve without a telephone."

Only the owner of the local apple orchard, Adam X. Roads, was on any kind of terms with the reclusive Diana. He wouldn't use the word "reclusive," however.

"Diana's more of a stalker, up there," Adam would probably argue, "She instructed me to bring her weekly apple order right into the kitchen of her house up there, and every time she ends up surprising me from a different place in the house. Striking lady she is, moves like a cat, a hunting cat. I can't image what she does with all those apples."

Diana had Adam bring the apples up to her house not because she had any particular liking for the fruit of Eden; it was young Adam that she had a liking for. She watched him anxiously as he parked his pickup truck in her driveway, hefted the apples out of the flatbed with his hard and thick arms, and make his way into the kitchen.

One afternoon, as Adam fulfilled his end of this ritual, he stumbled upon a graven image. As he entered the kitchen, he became acutely uncomfortable, and somehow knew that something was amiss. Having pushed the door open with his back, his hands full of the week's apples, he turned around to find the corpse of Diana, a proverbial apple of discord. In one fist she held a crumpled note, reading "For my Adam I have fallen, a future ruined by a past that's rotten." In the other hand, Diana held a laterally sliced apple, a proud star displayed by the fruit's innards. And what Adam most remembered, above all else, was the sharp contrast between the dark hard apple seeds and whiteness of her hallowed flesh. Or some shit.





Wade's Winter Movie Review

by Wade Stuckwisch

Last year over Winter Recess I think I managed to see almost every movie nominated for an Oscar. This year I saw about half a dozen movies, maybe one of which was Oscar-worthy (and probably for Best Animation, not Best Picture). What the fuck is my problem? **I blame lazy, manic-depressive friends who didn't want to do anything but beg me to buy them liquor.** Eh, maybe it's just a different kind of movie year. Well, even though I wasted my opportunity to actually see some decent flicks (hey Dad I'm taking the car bye), I guess I can hope that someone I know here will have mercy on me and drive me to see a GOOD movie some time. Bitching aside, here's a review of the movies that made my winter break.

American History X: Somebody told me this was the best movie about race relations since *D o The Right Thing*. DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT! Spike Lee could take this guy and make him his bitch any time he wanted. Why would you want to make a m e l o - drama about skinheads? I swear

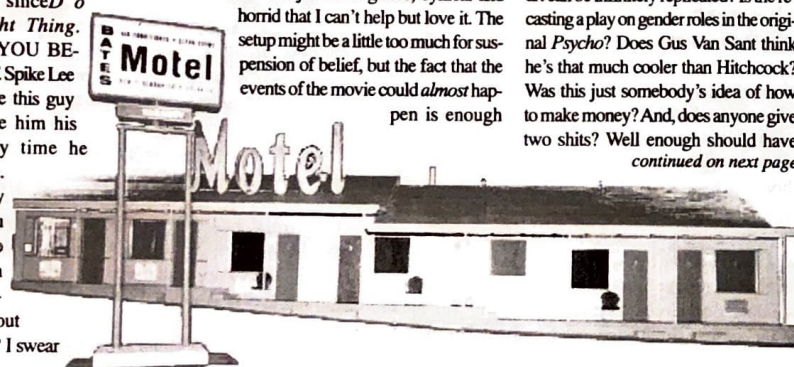
every other shot was someone in slow motion going, "Noooooooooooooooo!" The guy who directed this is some kind

of hot shot cinematographer, but all his nice little beautiful shots had nothing to do with the story. I love (read: irony) the whole psychoanalytical setup of why the main character is a swastika-tattooed bonehead too. C'mon, the Nazis in my high school were never intelligent, sympathetic, dramatic characters with dead fathers. They were going-nowhere hardcore white trash who figured out that if they took the community's usual racism and slapped a swastika onto it, they could get themselves a little attention for their meaningless lives. The director implicates society a little but the whole movie is such a puerile and superficial melodrama otherwise that the message doesn't stick. It might scare a few white folk who don't realize what kind of fucked-up Nazis are out there in America but that's it. The other message of this movie is that white people are boring. **Very Bad Things:** If I remember correctly, this is the first movie I saw while I was at home. At first I wasn't sure if I liked this movie or not, but now I think I do. It's just so negative, cynical and horrid that I can't help but love it. The setup might be a little too much for suspension of belief, but the fact that the events of the movie could almost happen is enough

for me. The movie also seemed a little "wannabe Tarrantino," so hard-core Quentin-haters will probably despise this out of hand. (C'mon, you know half of you loved *Pulp Fiction* when it came out.) The movie is also incredibly funny for being so vile. You'll hate yourself for laughing. I'd say it's at least worth seeing.

Psycho: It's just like the original, but in color. There's also a couple minor scene changes, and some added shots which are what we study film students call "non-diegetic inserts." These are shots which are inserted into a sequence, which take place outside the fictional space in which the film story takes place, the film story space being known as the *diegesis*. (Don't bother looking it up, I've tried.) Art fucks eat up this shit like candy. As an example, the friend I saw *Psycho* with told me to count the number of cuts in the shower scene, to see if it was the same number as in the original. I started counting: "one, two, three, four, five, CLOUDS? What the fuck!?" It only gets worse—I mean, more avant-garde. All in all, I don't see the point. Is the new *Psycho* an example of post-modernity, where any work of art can be infinitely replicated? Is the recasting a play on gender roles in the original *Psycho*? Does Gus Van Sant think he's that much cooler than Hitchcock? Was this just somebody's idea of how to make money? And, does anyone give two shits? Well enough should have

continued on next page



Camera on Cameron

by Dave Killen

There are, I have found, a number of advantages to being a film student here at Hamp-shire College. Aside from the fact that I don't have to do any real work, there is also the considerable bonus of gaining valuable connections within the movie business. It is thanks to one of these connections, film professor-at-large Bill Brand, that the *Omen* was recently able to sit down with James "Titanic" Cameron and interview him. It should be noted that, to avoid any embarrassing repetition of his speech at the Academy Awards last year, Cameron was seated in an electric chair wired to go off if he uttered the phrase "I'm king of the world!" It should also be noted that the director was not informed of this condition, as it would probably skewer the data. The *Omen* must admit it was kind of hoping he would say it, though.

Omen: Mr. Cameron, you are obviously a self-congratulating asshole. Any comments?

James Cameron: That's true. It's like in

continued from previous page

been left alone, if you ask me.

Patch Adams: I let a friend pick the movie that night. All in all it was a decent flick. It was kind of a propaganda piece for the doctor it's based on but I dug his ideals. I applauded the line about socialized medicine. No one else did. They'll learn.

The Faculty: At the beginning of the movie I thought certain things about the film were kind of weird, like the music mix and the way it was shot. Then, film student damage kicked in. I see—the film is odd because the filmmakers want us to consider the film intellectually, that's it! In actuality the film is an allegory for the hegemonic structures of conformity intrinsically present in the social and quasi-political power structures of the modern American public school system, and it takes on a conventional genre form rather than an avant-garde structure so as to be accessible to a general audience. Ouch!

my film, *Titanic*, which grossed over 1.6 billion dollars worldwide and won 11 Academy Awards including best director, in which one of the actors plays an asshole.

O: Speaking of Titanic, you recently said in an interview with Premiere magazine that you didn't want to do Spider-Man for your next film because you only wanted to tell stories that you yourself personally created. Titanic would seem to be a contradiction; you certainly didn't create that story.

JC: Did too.

O: Uh... OK... In Utah, a couple who owns a video store is selling copies of Titanic from which they have removed the sex scene and Kate Winslet's nude scene. That must really chap your hide.

JC: Shit, if they don't want to see Katie in the buff, that's their own damn problem. Utah's a bunch of fags.

O: Actually, Utah's a bunch of Mormons.

JC: Like I said.

O: So you think Winslet's pretty hot, then.

JC: Hell yes! There was this one time on the shoot, I slipped a little something in her drink... and that night... hot damn! It's a shame she'll never remem-

SHAKEN, not STIRRED

ber those 8 hours of hot, hot sex.

O: Um, Mr. Cameron, I think you just admitted to rape.

JC: Did not.

O: Did so.

JC: Did not. Infinity.

O: Did... shit. Hey... what was it you said at the end of your speech at the Oscars? You know, the line DiCaprio says when he's standing on the bow of the boat in the scene that, incidentally, lead to the death of a fan on a ferry in Denmark?

JC: I'm the king of the world!!!

(beat)

O: ... that's funny... 30,000 volts of electricity should be surging through your pathetic and smoldering corpse at this point, but you seem fine.

JC: I know. I had the electricity digitally erased.

O: Oh.

JC: I'm the king of the world!!!!

-The *Omen* will have more on James Cameron's God complex later this semester, after he attempts to sue Dave Killen for this article.

Sorry, someone just kicked me in the head. It's a sci-fi horror movie about aliens who take over a school. **I will be entertained and not think. Fine. Sorry.**

The Prince of Egypt: I have about the same things to say about *The Prince of Egypt* as everyone else does. The animation is amazing. The plot is reasonably true to the original story. There are no talking animals, thank the Lord. Some of the mixture of digital and cell animation is distracting (Look, Moses is in a computer generated basket!) but I'm a picky fucker so who cares. It doesn't suck.

Six movies, none of which are the new Sam Raimi film *A Simple Plan*. I suck. Well, maybe someone I know will be kind enough to take me to see *The Thin Red Line*. Until then.

Cabin Fever is No Excuse for Stalking

by Aemily dara Reshen

I learned something very important over winter break - the fine art of ditching a stalker (well...sort of...). Stalking is pretty common these days, especially on Hampshire Campus. I'm willing to bet the lives of every Omen editor (not including my own, of course) that you have either been stalked, know someone who has been stalked, or have in fact been creepy enough to stalk someone. That is right you freaks, stalking is CREEPY. **If you know somebody's phone number by heart who would never, ever give you the time of day, you are a fucking wacked-out psycho.** If you sit alone in your room at night having conversations with the photograph that you either stole, snapped when your stalkee wasn't paying attention or downloaded from the Frogbook, you might want to consider taking a really sharp knife and gutting yourself, because its people like you that make our society CREEPY. But I digress...

My stalker's name: Valerie O. She started working at my place of employment last summer because obviously they were fucking desperate. I find it hard to believe that anyone would hire a person with glowing red eyes and a green-ooze drooling problem. Never mind the fact that you have to look super

close to see these attributes. Exactly two days after knowing this psycho-bitch, she asked for my phone number. I committed Mistake # 2: I gave it to her. (For those of you who are now confused, Mistake # 1 is always the same: Speaking/acting friendly towards the stalker, which unfortunately I committed within the first minute of knowing her.) Already you must know that I was fucked, since I willingly gave her my number. To any crazy stalker this is a sign that you were meant to be in their life and that you, too, want to spend eternity with them. Reality is not a term that they can understand. However, there are ways to alleviate this problem. Don't ever, under any circumstances, give your phone number out again. While not a foolproof plan, since if you have a particularly resourceful stalker they might use a phone book or call information, it is at least a good way to remain antisocial.

You might have already guessed it, but Mistake # 3 comes next. When Valerie O. asked if we could get together some time, I said, "Sure, well why don't we see what happens?" While it seemed obvious to me that our "plans" were still tentative, as in they might NEVER happen, Valerie O. took my answer to mean that she should call me obsessively for months, until I made definite plans with her. In Valerie O.'s case, it is important to note that I worked with her every weekday from 9 AM - 5 PM, therefore receiving two phone calls from her every night was, oh, I don't know, OVER-KILL. In fact, because I had to work with her everyday, I felt like I

couldn't tell her off, which brings us to Mistake # 4: caving in and hanging out with your stalker because you think that if you give them one evening with you, they might go away. This was bad judgement on my part, as it only gave Valerie O. more hope that one day I would wake up and realize that only her ugly, spawn-of-the-Devil face could fill the void in my life. Soon after that Mistake, I realized that there was only one solution: to be as bitchy as possible to her, and pray that she would get tired of it.

Of course, months later I understand that that solution sucked ass. It did not deter Valerie O. She spent two weeks of my winter break stalking me once more and trying to get me to go to some goddamn natural foods restaurant in the Village. But this time I came up with a good solution: I told Valerie O. that I would only hang out with her under one condition—we would have to go disco bowling. After a week of me standing behind my condition, Valerie O. stopped asking me to hang out. Granted, I still get e-mails from her (Oh yes, that was Mistake # 2b: I gave her my e-mail address), but I'll take a couple e-mails here and there over two phone calls per day. What is the moral of this stupid article? Goddamn, disco bowling saves the day once again! One more thing—Message to those of you that received my help in the Prescott parking lot one night last week: I live in Mod 77, just in case you forgot where to bring the salt. I've seen stalkers in action and know how to imitate the behavior.

I'll Tell You Where You Can stick that Icicle

by Joe Lakehawk

I get so sick of you damned Yankees, sometimes. You're all so damned annoying. When I moved up here, I thought, "Surely the people in the north don't go about whining about how cold it is all winter long. **Why, only an incredibly stupid person would live somewhere where they were miserable three-months out of the year.**" I was wrong. Granted there are some of you Yankees who are cut of tougher stuff, but I get so sick people shuffling about wrapped in eight layers going, "Damn it's cold, today. Damn it's cold today." And when I ask them where they're from they always say, "Connecticut." And yet, when I tell Yankees I'm from Texas they always break out their, "I'm king of the Great White North" attitudes. The entire fall I heard, "You're gonna freeze your ass (genitals, pubic hair, spleen, etc.) off come winter! Ayuh!", and "Listen up, Tex, you're not in Kansas anymore!", "Too bad you can't shoot winter with your six-shooter and ride off into the sunset.", and "Nanny-nanny-boo-boo! We won the civil war!" It makes

me sick.

You acted so proud of how tough you were for wintering up here. But in the Soviet Union you were sent to Siberia as a punishment. Troubled Russian teens did not think it was cool to get shipped to Siberia. I've seen you people shivering in your stupid hats and your gloves, waddling like penguins so you don't slip on the ice; none of you look tough. You people read too much Jack London.

And speaking of *White Fang*, why is everyone always talking about my stupidity? No one ever told me I have evil vampire teeth before I came here. I am not a lycanthrope and the crescent-moon tattoo I got over the break proves nothing. Honestly, sometimes I feel like I'm living amongst Rumanian peasants. I'm waiting for some of you to go down to the farm-center and storm my room with torches and pitchforks. Idiots. I'm also sick of people going on about my accent. "Hey, where's your Texas accent?" There are lots of people from Texas on this campus. Do any of them have accents? Maybe you would like to see me lasso a New Guinea singing-dog as long I'm here? I could sure teach that "varmint" a lesson. Yet there are still some of you who insist that I do have a Texas accent. Kiss my rootin'-tootin', saddle-sore, Texas ass! And another thing, no one up here

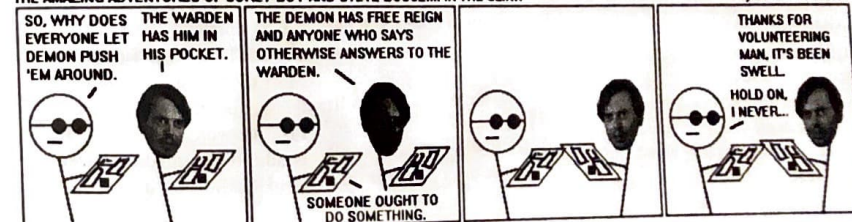
knows what the hell queso is. Someone actually said to me, "I know Spanish and queso merely means cheese." Oh, you know Spanish so I guess that means I must just be rambling on about something that doesn't exist! I suppose I got too much sun while I was living in Texas! When someone from Texas says "queso" they don't mean "cheese" because (and this is what you Spanish-speaking Yankees don't know) we do not speak Spanish in Texas. Instead we mean "chili con queso" which is served in almost every restaurant that has Mexican food.

While I'm at it, does anyone up here have any idea what a quesadilla is? I've seen three different versions since I got up here and none of them have been correct. It's as if you can slap a Tex-Mex sounding name on any abomination constructed of tortillas and cheese and pass it off as the real thing.

I saw a man on the bus wearing cowboy boots and a ten-gallon hat, complete with rhinestones. He had a plastic bag full of baseball cards—the mark of a cultured intellectual. I listened to him talk for almost half an hour to anyone who would listen in his damnable New England accent. Hell is other people after all. I couldn't take it, when I got off the bus I told him, "Sir, I'm from Texas and you make me sick!"



THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY AND STEVE BUSCEMI IN THE CLINK



by Jacob Chabot



by the learned and libidinous Dr. Wilder

Q Dr. Wilder, why was everyone so damn weird this Jan Term?

A The answer is obvious, stupid.
Boredom.

Boredom is an incredibly rotten human malady. This dysfunction of the motivation gland turned campus into a noisy spook-show, filled with fish-eyed Acid Taikoo Faces; into a bus-stop in the Twilight Zone, where guys eat mirrors and girls push their asses through walls; into the Starship Enterprise, infected by that virus that made Tasha Yar fuck a robot. And that was only the second episode of the show. We've been here for a month.

War is caused by boredom. *N SYNC is caused by boredom. Boredom makes you interested in spelling. If boredom wasn't what caused the Brazilian currency crisis, it was what caused me to care about it for a tenth-of-a-second.

Sadly, there are only three cures for real boredom. They are sleep, drugs, and sex. Doing something productive does not cure boredom. It just makes your room cleaner than it ever needs to be.

Sleep fills the time, but you can only sleep till you wake up. Drugs make you forget you're bored, but drugs can lead to barfing, or bickering with chocolate bars. Sex is the

Welcome to the Wonky House

only meaningful thing that mammals with no motivation can do, but reproduction leads to more boredom worldwide. So, either use a condom, or clean up your own vomit.

Q Dr. Wilder, a cruel God has destroyed my sleep schedule. What should I do?

A At this point, you're doomed. Most people are doomed. I'm doomed. My dinner is my breakfast. This is the fault of sleeping too much in the day, and keeping the company of drunk vampires in the night. In other words, it's the fault of boredom. Now, my breakfast is my dinner.

Waiting outside the door of Saga one morning, I think, "I can't believe these grumps get up at eight o'clock in the morning to have soggy eggs."

I asked people about it. Every single one had been up all night. We were all fucked.

Which brings me to my next solution: fucking. It sounds good, and it does not work one bit. Yes, it cures boredom. But, no, it does not fix your schedule. At night, it makes sleeping undesirable, and in the morning, it makes getting out of bed a logistical impossibility.

So, what is the solution?

You have two choices. (1) Stay up all night, and all day, to go to sleep at a normal time the next day. Visit an Egg McMuffin. Get delirious at lunch. Find ice unthinkably funny; or (2) Sleep all day, and all night, and get up at a regular time the next day. Dream of naked an-

gels. Wake up hungry. Acquire a crooked neck.

Neither of these solutions work at all. Just abandon all hope.

Speaking of crooked necks - My boyfriend's penis curves slightly to the left when erect. Is this normal, or should I be afraid?

A This is entirely normal, so I say, yes, yes, you should be very afraid. You're dating a human. You've failed to find a fantasy. Run fastly. Humans grow that way, and there's no fixing them. All you can do is bail. This guy is like you, and you know what you're like. Your eyes are crooked, your legs are different lengths, and your fingers don't match on both hands. You're human: like us: like unlike breast sizes: just part of the human variety pack. So book!

Allah loves beautiful diversity. So does Dr. Wilder. So should you. You're at Hampshire afterall, you hippie shit.

Q Being that you're sane and well-adjusted, like you, Dr. Wilder, what do you do to entertain yourself?

A I call up ex-girlfriends and pretend to commit suicide. I say "goddammit" a lot. Most of all, I appreciate the little things. Like bras. Like the letter "2." Like the word "sufficient," which is admittedly medium-sized for word, but little for a thing.

continued on next page

Confusion Makes the World Go Round

by Gareth Edel

I am sitting here thinking about what to write for an *Omen* article. I don't know. I am very confused at the moment. There are always many reasons for confusion. I think confusion is okay. You have to ignore the confusion long enough to make decisions. The funny thing is that most of the time the decision will simply provide more things to be confused about. **I have tried for a while to make as few decisions as possible. I think it is a bad policy.** After a while it is depressing and you realize how stupid it is. The only good thing is that you don't have to feel responsible. I think that if you can blame the things that happen to you on outside forces it provides the best defense. Passive resistance, Ghandi called it. Make the world hit you with the stick. Don't give it the reason to hit you. Then the world is to blame. Like I said, it is stupid. But it sure is easy. Anyway back to my *Omen* article.

A few points to make about life as we know it.

I Two phrases of latin: "Oscula me." This means kiss me. This second is a little known idiom frequently used by Caesar, "Quis amat te, infantis?" Which means: "Who loves you baby?"

II Random words you never heard of:

continued from previous page

Then, I bitch and complain about how society's screwed up. For instance, "afterall" should be a word, because it means something distinctly different from "after all," afterall. "After all" means *after everything is completely finished and gone*; while "afterall" means something more like, *as we all know, of course*. The same with "alright." When something is "alright," it's certainly not "all right." "All right" would be great. It would be 100% correct. "Alright" sounds like it's just sufficient, *goddammit*.

See? I just fixed a piece of the world. I feel better already.

Don't you?

Time to take the Prozac.



Eonism - Transvestitism
Crepuscular - Having to do with or occurring around twilight

Cicatrization - Intentional beautification of the skin with scars from knife wounds. More common among dark-skinned peoples.

Olisbos - An extremely old Dildo, usually made of leather, used by Ancient Greek practitioners of Tribadism.

III The average beer has a lot of calories, and some of the imports have more than a milk shake. So here is a little example:

Bud- 136 Calories
Corona- 153
Molson Light- 78
Rolling Rock- 116
Guinness- 146

I think all of those are for a 12 ounce measure.

IV If you want to run for congress then the Federal Election Commission will let you know how. For an information pack just call 1-800-424-9530. This has all the info you need to start planning. Every state has different regulations to get on the ballot, but in NY, to be a representative you need 3500 signatures from registered voters.

If you want to get something more practical in the mail try 1800-825-2400 for Amish and turn-of-the-century clothing, mail order. The mass army navy company is mail order at 800-343-7749, or a fitted suit over the phone at 1800-285-2265 from Jos. A Bank Catalogue. Information on free or cheap stuff from the government is available at many sites including: www.ustras.gov/auctions/customs.

V For a date with a woman in prison, or just a pen pal, try www.jailbabes.com. It sounds like it is reasonably priced, if you are into convicts. "Bert is Evil" is a laugh a minute, a fun site for all those people who love Sesame street and have a sense of humor. <http://plaza.v-wave.com/bert>

And if that is too tame, but you don't want your friends to find out you scanned the sickest porn on line, use the anonymizer on-line at www.anonymizer.com

I hope you are all as confused as me now.

White Trash SATURDAY

Mark "Who's Your Daddy" Hugo's Top Nine New Year's Predictions for 1999

by Mark Hugo

- 9) The world will end on June 6, 1999. Don't worry, it will open for business after a quick coffee break and maybe a cruller.
- 8) Everyone will be full of beans this year, especially me.
- 7) On February 9th, the world's bank system will suffer a blow to their collective groin. Money will be worthless and all will barter with Twinkies.
- 6) On March 21, there will be an accident at a nuclear power plant located next to Billy Jo's Sea Horse World. **The sea horses will mutate into super-beings and take over the world beginning The Age of the Great Horsey.**
- 5) Bill Clinton will be impeached. Unfortunately, Al Gore will become president. His inauguration speech will be watched by record numbers of viewers who will subsequently enter comas of boredom.
- 4) MeatLoaf will be honored for the creative genius that he is. The national anthem will be replaced by *Paradise by the Dashboard Light*. It's not just for proms anymore!
- 3) Red Foxx will be raised from the dead paving the way for a *Sanford and Son* movie.
- 2) "Weird Al" Yankovic and Vanna White will go public with their long time love affair admitting that it had its humble beginnings when they co-starred in *Naked Lunch* 33 1/3.
- 1) Richard Nixon will come back to haunt us all. NIXON'S THE ONE! NIXON'S THE ONE! Man I feel funky today.



Insolent College Beauty "Finally" Gets Her Way...Again.

by Laura Brooks

Investigative journalism can tax even the most creative minds. When I met this most insolent college beauty, however, I knew that behind those eyes there was something special, but I had no idea it would be infallible certainty on all possible issues of knowledge! It was truly amazing to meet a person who has never been wrong about anything in her life. She has stood tall against charges that some of her statements on abortion, affirmative action, and lipstick hues have been faulty and miscalculated for the duration of her 19 year tyranny over the universe as "undeniably accurate on all topics" Her Sophomore year of high school she was voted "The best source of knowledge this side of the cosmos."

Ah, alas, the reign of truth's future was in question this past November when Huk-Jin from Japan who holds the title of "Almost as smart as that girl in Massachusetts" challenged Miss Smarty Pants herself to a meeting of the minds. The event was held in scenic Paris at the top of the Eiffel Tower. I was informed by the contestants of the meeting of the minds that Paris is the most beautiful place on earth. "What about the pollution? The body odor? Jerry Lewis? The traffic?" I asked. Well turns out that Paris is the most beautiful place on earth and I was just wrong about everything. Boy did that come as a surprise! These guys were really good! I had a chance to talk to the reigning defender of all that is correct

before the competition and I asked Patsy Kingston just what it feels like to be right all the time.

"First of all, I am so happy. I sometimes can't believe how lucky I am to be the authority on everything. But it sometimes really is a burden when people can't see truth staring them in the face—they can't accept that I'm always right. I try to be nice about it and when that doesn't work, I yell and cry. I don't always take pleasure in doing it, but it's a job that has to be done."

A close friend of Patsy's was there for moral support when I asked her what it was like to be the mental buttress to validity in the flesh.

"Everyone has known for a long time that Patsy would eventually meet her match—it was just a question of when. I hope the bitch loses."

The contestants took their places and I found my spot next to Dick Dickson the premier authority on authorities. He assured me that this was going to be a really tough match and that the judges had been careful in the selection of the question. Dick Dickson did express some concern having judged smaller, novice meetings of the minds in places like Duluth, MN.

"Usually we choose a room near an exit, and clean out anything that could be used as a

weapon. These contests can often be brutal. Skilled authoritarians are trained to stay calm during debate and give the losers a chance to vent before leaving the building and driving home. There have been accidents, people have died, so you have to give them a chance to save their dignity, it softens the blow. People don't like to be wrong, but typically they react well."

It was winner take all, the grand prize being indisputable unlimited authority on all subjects. And a hush fell over the crowd at the top of the Eiffel Tower as the question rang out like the discharge of guns...Who shot J.R.?

It was absolute mayhem. The magnitude of this contest hit me all at once as I embraced visible truth on Patsy's face as she screamed in high-pitched tones unknown to mammal or reptile "No one killed J.R., J.R. shot himself." And there you have it ladies and gentlemen. The smartest woman ever, Patsy Kingston. The Japanese chap had never seen Dallas and felt cheated. Patsy "Conqueror of Certainty" Kingston explained to me after the competition that "Failing was not an option. I simply had to be right...again." As for Huk-Jin who was quietly escorted out of the country, Dick Dickson explains that "It's over for him, he gets no chance to go back."

Laura Brooks is often erroneous and evil and likes it that way. She hates the French.

RICK and SAURS in FEMME FATALES

CHAPTER EIGHT: CAPTURED!

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